

Fal. You rogue, heeres lime in this sacke too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man, yet a coward is worke then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, Go thy waies old sacke, die whē thou wilt, if māhood, good māhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhangd in England, & one of them is fat, & growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say, I would I were a weauer, I could sing psalmes, or any thing. A plague of al cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now, Wollack. what mutter you?

Fal. A kings son: if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdome with a dagger of lath, & driue all thy subiectes afore thee like a flock of wildegeese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

Prin. Why you horson round man, whats the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answere me to that, and Paines there.

Poin. Zounds yee fat paunch, and ye cal me coward, by the Lord, Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pounde I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the sholders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon such backing: giue mee them that will face mee, giue me a cup of sacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wipt since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All's one for that.

He drinketh.

A plague of al cowards still say I.

Pri. Whats the matter?

Fal. Whats the matter? here be foure of vs haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it? lacke, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? raken from vs it is; a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose,

my

my buckler cut through and through, my sword hackt like a hand-saw, ecce signum. I neuer dealt better since I was a man, all would not doe. A plague of al cowards, let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, & the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake, sirs, how was it?

Ross. We foure set vpon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

Ross. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Jew else, and I brew Iew.

Ross. As we were sharing, some 6 or 7 fresh mē set vpō vs.

Fal. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince What, fought yee with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old lacke, then am I no two leg'd creature.

Prince. Pray God, you haue not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praing for, I haue pepper'd two of the. Two I am sure I haue paped, two rogues in buckrom suites: I tel thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spitte in my face; cal mee horse: thou knowest my olde warde: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure rogues in buckrom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou said'st but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure, Hal, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

Fal. These foure came all afront, and mainly thrust at mee; I made no more adoe, but tooke al their seuen points in my target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure euen now.

Fal. In buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in buckrom suites.

Fal. Seuen, by these hiltes, or I am a villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shal haue more anon.

Fal. Doe'st thou heare me Hal?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, lacke.

Fals.